ELIADA HOME INTERVIEW
CLYDE MITCHELL BUCKNER

INTERVIEWEE: Clyde Buckner
INTERVIEWER: Cliff Davids
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CLIFF DAVIDS: Good morning. This is Cliff Davids. This is tape No. 1 of the oral history project for Mr. Clyde Buckner. Today is November 1st, 1999. We celebrated Halloween last night and I ate a little too much candy, like I always do. We're at Mr. Buckner's house now.

Sir, could you please give me your full name.

CLYDE BUCKNER: My full name is Clyde Mitchell Buckner.

CD: Mr. Buckner, what year were you born?

CLYDE B: 1910, May 1.

CD: May 1, 1910. So you are currently 89 years old?

CLYDE B: 89. Be 90.

CD: Mr. Buckner, today is a little bit of a rainy, kind of a wet day today, kind of damp. You said you had a little bit of a cold, but you're feeling better now? Your voice sounds strong, so why don't we get started?

Mr. Buckner, you had some involvement with Eliada, with Reverend Compton down the road.

CLYDE B: Oh, yeah.

CD: Some ways down in the past. Could you tell me your first memory of Reverend Compton, when you first met him?

CLYDE B: Well, Reverend Compton was, he was a huge big man and he had a beard, little beard down here. I never will forget, it's a little beard he had on his chin. That's all it was was just this little beard was all the beard Mr. Compton had. And I guess I was 10 or 12. I don't know how old I was when I met him. My father was orphaned, see, and that's the reason that he just loved the Reverend Compton, see.

And we'd take our horse and buggy and my daddy and my stepmother would go spend the day over there. We'd take horse feed and we'd feed the horse. And we'd go up there in and there was all them tents. There was just a little tent up there, then. And we'd go spend the whole day with them.

CD: Now, what would you do on a whole day like that together?

CLYDE B: Well, in other words, he'd have a service of a morning.

CD: Now, was this during a camp meeting?

CLYDE B: Yeah.

CD: Okay.

CLYDE B: You would have a service. He'd read the bible and pray and there was singing and all. They would sing and .....[?]. And they would sing up there. Everybody all over Buncombe County and Haywood and Madison and everywhere. People come from all over. I don't know where all they come from. Oh, there was a huge crowd there always.

And we'd stay there and then they'd, after his service, why then everybody'd have a picnic, you know, great big picnic. Everybody took lunch. We'd have a big picnic then we'd rest a little while.

And then in the afternoon, why he'd come back and have another service with us. In other words, he didn't leave. We'd be over there about 9:00 of a morning and it would be about 5:00 of an evening before we'd get started coming back. But it was something else.

CD: Tell me what it was like when you were first there at 9:00 in the morning. Tell me what it smelled like, what people looked like, how many people were there.

CLYDE B: Oh, Lord have mercy. Bless your heart. Oh, I guess there was at least a hundred when I got there. And there was a lot of them had wagons, they had mules and brought a whole load of kids and stuff into it. All over the place everywhere. They were just something to see. It was just amazing.

CD: Did the people stay in tents?

CLYDE B: Did they stay in tents?

CD: Uh-huh.

CLYDE B: Well, I don't know so much about them staying in a tent, but there was one big tent that we met in, and that everybody met in. But I don't know if--there was one, maybe two little bitty houses on that side of the road. That's all there was. [Chickens or a pig squawking louder than the talking]

CD: Do you remember the tabernacle?

CLYDE B: Oh, yes. I wouldn't miss that. Yeah, I remember he built the tabernacle.

CD: So you were at a camp meeting even before the tabernacle?

CLYDE B: Oh, Lord, yes. Yeah. Yeah, I was at the tabernacle and I know just where it was at and what it looked like and it was a huge thing. Great big building. And what he done, he took big heavy timbers and the tabernacle's architect was ...[?]. It was just a big valley. And he built it all full of benches. big benches. Wooden benches. And I never will forget it, he put straw, wheat straw, to walk on in between the bench you sit on. And then put the benches all the way back. So I guess there's still marks of it still

there, back there in that holler. I know right where it's at, on that side of the road.

CD: There sure are. So before they built the tabernacle, you said they had the meetings in a tent.

CLYDE B: Yeah.

CD: There was that tent located?

CLYDE B: Just as you get to the top of the hill, where you turn the curve to go around, right back that way. Right on the top, right on top there. I guess a hundred feet back of the road. You know, you cross this land and go this way. Then they always had the steps down here where you go--there was a little bank. You walk up these steps and go up to this thing up there. There would be people standing out there talking. Oh, it was an amazing thing. I never will forget it.

CD: So it sounds like you actually watched them build the tabernacle.

CLYDE B: I did.

CD: Did you go there and help them out with it, as well?

CLYDE B: Well, no, I don't know as they had a committee to help build it. But I know Daddy--Daddy, now, he might have went over there some when I was going to school or something other. Daddy might have helped them. I don't know that. But I know Daddy, everything he had, he'd give to Eliada. Everything. And I'm the same way. Give it to them.

CD: Tell me a little bit about Mr. Compton, what kind of man he was.

CLYDE B: Oh, man, he was one of the swellest guys. Everybody that's over there loved that man. He'd come and shake hands with you, pat you on the back. That's how he was to us little old kids. He always talked to us kids, too. But he was wonderful. Now, he was some man. Everybody just thought the world of him.

CD: And you said he was a big strong man.

CLYDE B: Oh, yeah, he was a big man. Big man. Yeah. But he was humble, I'm telling you.

CD: So let's talk a little bit more about the construction of the tabernacle. When the area that it's currently built in, do you remember them having to grade that or somehow clear that area out? Or was that a natural area?

CLYDE B: Natural. All they done was just take the wood out, you know. Just take the woods out. Mighty little grading on it.

CD: Do you remember him ever talking about that site before he built anything on it?

CLYDE B: Well, no, not in particular. I don't know. My daddy was one time talking about it and said Mr. Compton said he was going to build a bigger building. That's about all I can remember. And that's what it was. When it was in the tent, they was going to have to build something bigger and he was going to build it bigger. And everybody gave him money and, Lord a mercy, then they passed the thing around and everybody poured the money into the coffer then. One or two of these old people, they ...[?]. Everybody liked Dr. Compton.

CD: So when they cleared the area of trees and they put the seating in, do you remember them putting the columns up?

CLYDE B: Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. Big heavy columns. Big heavy columns. I'll never forget that. And they had a big podium built down there in front of it. And he'd talk up this way to you. And you just setting like in a ballpark. And it would always be full. People like to go to that camp meeting. He was something else.

CD: They said that Reverend Compton could preach. They said when he talked, people listened.

CLYDE B: You better believe they listened to him.

CD: Tell me about what it was like when he talked.

CLYDE B: Oh, he could talk. I mean, he had an awfully coarse voice, Dr. Compton did. Oh, he could yell it out, I'm telling you. Now, he'd let you know. And all the kids got a big kick out of it, you know. But he ...[?]. And he used to wear a long-tailed coat when he was preaching. And he just had a little goatee, that's all he had, like a beard. It was just a little goatee. But he was ...[?].

I wish I could have known him. Of course, I went to Detroit, was gone for a long time and lost touch going to the camp meeting then.

CD: How old were you when you left for Detroit?

CLYDE B: Sixteen.

CD: And did you attend those camp meetings right up to the time you left?

CLYDE B: Oh, yeah. Oh, Lord, I wouldn't miss one of them for the world. My daddy wouldn't either. No. See, Daddy, like I said, he was orphaned, Daddy was. And my daddy was a great big man, about like Mr. Compton, big man. Oh, mercy.

But people come from everywhere, to come to see and sit in that meeting.

CD: You said they did some singing there, too?

CLYDE B: Oh, there was singing.

CD: Tell me about the singing.

CLYDE B: Oh, Lord a mercy, I say. They made on top of that hill ring. He'd make sure everybody'd sing. He'd get up there and then he'd get

singing to beat the band. He had two or three more people that was with him, you know. I don't know who was with him, you know, kind of helped him sing and stuff. Had an old piano up there in that building. They played that piece. It was something, something else. You don't find that anymore. You don't find that anymore. No, ma'am.

CD: What kind of songs did he sing? Do you remember?

CLYDE B: Well, it was just the regular songs like people at home could sing. I can't remember exactly what all they sang. But, Lord a mercy. They was just good songs. They had little books. They gave everybody a book. He had a whole pack of books, bless his heart. He come around and he said, "Now sing. Sing just as loud as you can". He'd always want you to sing just as loud as you could sing [laughing]. But he was good, I'm telling you. Yes, sir, that man has really done some good, too.

CD: So you were 16 years old when you left to go to Detroit.

CLYDE B: Uh-huh.

CD: And how long did you go there for?

CLYDE B: I was up there seven or eight years in Detroit.

CD: And what did you do while you were there?

CLYDE B: Worked ....[?] Company. Big gears for Ford Motor Company. Told me they had 4,000 people working there, largest in the world ...[?]. Oh, it was something, I'm telling you. I left there, the Depression was coming on and I had to leave and come back home years after that. Boy, I missed old Detroit, them big checks I drawed. I was a rich man when I was [?]. I ....[?] West Buncombe School over here. ...[?] 10 cents an hour. That's all I got was 10 cents an hour.

CD: How much were you making back in Detroit?

CLYDE B: First check I got was a hundred and ten dollars. And you can imagine how big that was. Of course, I had to tell a story to get the job. I had one saying in Detroit, he used to live down here name was Stormy Kirk. I knew him real well and I had his address. I went to him, he told me, "Now, I'll get you a job". He says, "You're going to have to stay here a week", and his sister would show me around Detroit. They lived there. And I said, "Why?" He says, "You're going to have let your beard grow till Wednesday and then shave". So he told me--in other words, what he told me was a lie. He told me what to tell them and I told them.

Then I was working at Dodge's four years. I didn't even know what Dodges was. A man in there, he used to ....[?]. He says, "You're awfully young". He says, "When do you want to go to work?" I says, "Any time". He just pointed across the street from where we was at. He says, "You see that man sitting over there. That's the night watchman". Says, "You report to him at 11 o'clock tonight".

And funniest thing about it, I didn't know nothing about time clocks, you know. I never heard of a clock where you punch your card. I didn't know nothing about that. So this friend of mine, he always worked 3 till 11. And we called them graveyard. So he told his boss he had a friend coming in, he'd like to meet him. When I come in, he decided to be there and make sure someone would tell me where to go. So I told him, "Go ahead and meet your friend".

So he come and he told me, he says--and I get this card and my name is on it. He says, "Now put it in this thing. That's the time of day and all, the date." We put it over on the other side. And then in the morning when you're there to get some work, you didn't punch it back. And that card would be there every day from now on, see". And he showed me where to

go. I had to go up and get on a streetcar. And, Lord, I never rode as fast in my life.

CD: You were living in a big city right in the middle of the Roaring Twenties?

CLYDE B: Yeah.

CD: Man oh man. You must have seen some things.

CLYDE B: I did. And people up there, they don't know how to drive cars down here. Lord a mercy alive. When that light changes, the tires start smoking. Everybody's gone, that fast. And there's no speed limit in the city of Detroit. You can go as fast as you want to.

CD: Now, where did you live while you were there?

CLYDE B: I lived on Southey[?] Street. Just an ordinary cemetery. It's like where you go into Detroit, great huge thing. And up there just a little ways and that's where my friend, his family lived up there.

CD: Tell me how you stayed in touch with your family over the six or seven years you were living in Detroit.

CLYDE B: I just wrote them a letter. That's all I ever did was write them a letter. I sent them money every month, out of my paycheck. Because down here there wasn't hardly any way to make no money. But what was I going to do with a hundred and ten dollars a week? And I paid ten dollars a week for board. So that left me a hundred dollars a week. So there. And I went downtown and that was something.

CD: I'll bet you had some fun.

CLYDE B: I did. I did. I had some fun. See, I was started on this Harliss[?] machine that Timkin[?] had. I guess they got 400 machines a month. And they were so awesome that the boss man was a Pollack. He come to me and said, "You're doing awful good at this machine". He says,

"I've got another machine up here that I need somebody to run". They'd always, there's two or three of us on each machine. So I worked in the smallest machines and the biggest one they had. The machine I worked on was, the last machine was as big as four cars or more. I forget how many tons it weighed. When we put steel in it, it was that big. It was about that long. And you put it in this harness and heat it to a certain temperature till it looked like it was white. You take a big old pair of tongs. You'd tie it and bring it over to this machine and put it here in a certain groove and they's two big dies that come like this and then there's a punch that would come up and push it back. And you have three or four steps to make that.

And then the last one, there was saying, you'd cut it off, and it will drop down in oil. Drop down off of this machine in oil. It's finer here, like they call that went in the rear end of Ford trucks, when they first started making Ford trucks. ...[?]

CD: So you lived up in Detroit from when you were 16 to, oh, just before the crash.

CLYDE B: Yeah.

CD: And did you come home because of the crash?

CLYDE B: Yeah. Yeah. I had to. You couldn't get a job up there then. They laid off everybody.

CD: So you got laid off.

CLYDE B: Yeah, I got laid off. Got laid off. Yeah, I had to come home. I had to come home because I couldn't very well stay up there and spend what little money I'd saved, you know, not doing nothing.

CD: So when you came back here--tell me about your family.

CLYDE B: I come back, my family lived right down here, right across the road, right here, big two-story house. My daddy had a room up

there. And I helped him awhile in the dairy, the same shift, getting a little better and a little better. And I got two or three jobs around and I worked some plumbing shops here. I learned the plumbing trade pretty good. And finally I got, met that boss lady in there.

CD: The one who runs the show here.

CLYDE B: Yeah.

CD: Uh-huh.

CLYDE B: So then I took her and she was going to marry me and I says, well, they told us to go somewhere. We went to London Bridge, Virginia, to get married. I had a sister there. We went by to see her and we all met in London Bridge, Virginia, got married.

And then I worked up there in a distributor dairy's place, where they distributed milk. So I said, well, I'm going to come back to North Carolina. So I come back.

CD: How long were you living there after you were married?

CLYDE B: I guess we lived there--it wasn't over six months, at the most, that we lived in Norfolk. I didn't like that, getting up at 3 o'clock in the morning, running all around Norfolk, Virginia.

So I come back here and got a job at American Enka Corporation. So I went out there and, law, there's a line half a mile long. And I kept waiting and they finally got up to me to get a job--oh, they'd do anything to get a job. Finally got up to me and then he says, "You'll have to go to the doctor". I says, "Okay". So they took us to the doctor. He says, "Now we work shifts, shifts all the time". They work days, you're off two or three days. Then you get 3 till 11. Then you're off two or three more days, then you go down the graveyard. After you shift jobs so much, I was out there 16, 17 years.

CD: Wow.

CLYDE B: American Enka Corporation.

CD: So let's see, you were 16 when you left Western North Carolina and you were about 18 when you came back.

CLYDE B: Yeah, 18, 19, somewhere along in there. I can't remember the ages I hardly was.

CD: Do you remember what year you were married?

CLYDE B: Oh, law, I don't. She does.

CD: [Calling] Mrs. Buckner. Mrs. Buckner.

Mrs. BUCKNER: Yes.

CD: What year were you married?

Mrs. BUCKNER: What?

CD: What year were the two of you married?

Mrs. BUCKNER: We been married 67 years. I don't know what. I hadn't never really thought.

CD: 1932?

CLYDE B: That sounds right. That sounds right. About 1932 is when we got married--London Bridge.

Mrs. BUCKNER: '32?

CLYDE B: Yeah.

Mrs. BUCKNER: Mercy.

CD: Well, that's close enough. 1932. Now when you came back to Western North Carolina, you moved back here with your family.

CLYDE B: Yeah.

CD: Did you then, and that would have been around 1928 or -29.

CLYDE B: That's right.

CD: Did you then continue to go to camp meetings after that?

CLYDE B: No. We didn't go back to them anymore. We went to ...[?]. But I had a sister to die. My mother died whenever I was a year old. So I was partial a orphan, too. But I can't remember all those things that happened during all that time back then.

But when I got the job at Enka, why, we ran into this house here--how long, Mama? 64 years. We lived in this house 64 years, right here. We lived over here, seen the nice house for a while, so we come back in here. And then we had a daughter born. So I worked up there helping Daddy farm and we had cows ourself. And we milked cows and sold--

Mrs. BUCKNER: We still got cows.

CD: Oh, you do?

CLYDE B: Oh, yeah. We got some prize calves and cows.

CD: Uh-huh.

Mrs. BUCKNER: I been trying to get rid of them, to get rid of them before winter, because it will be so cold and you have to go down to the barn and feed them.

CD: Well, it's going to be a warm wintertime, this time around.

CLYDE B: Well, they're predicting that.

CD: That's what I heard.

CLYDE B: Yeah.

CD: What do you think?

CLYDE B: Well, I don't know as I ever seen weather like this. I've never seen weather like this. It's always been colder than this at this time of year.

CD: Yeah.

CLYDE B: It's always been. I never seen it like this. And it's like with those friends I was talking about long ago. Well, the solar system, they

claim, there's going to be a hole burned in it, from all the fumes that we've had, in all this atmosphere. It's so hot, he said what he's afraid of, the hole is going to keep getting bigger and there's going to be so much heat down here, nobody can live here.

CD: Well, what was it like in terms of the amount of snow back when you were a child here.

CLYDE B: Oh, Lord have mercy. Lord, we had snow then that wouldn't quit. I'm telling you. We had snow, didn't we, Honey?

Mrs. BUCKNER: Lord, yes. I think we had snow every month [laughing]. We had snow down there one time in the road that we had to get pulled out.

CLYDE B: It was 7 feet deep.

Mrs. BUCKNER: Yeah. And we didn't have no heat for two days. And we likely froze to death. And our son-in-law, you know, this guy brought us the heat, everyone carried oil and one carried the heater, and they had like never got down here from the road. They had to hold to the fence over there.

CLYDE B: There was no road. I'm telling you. Lord a mercy.

Mrs. BUCKNER: I don't never want to see that again.

CD: I don't think you will. I don't think any of us will.

Mrs. BUCKNER: We couldn't get out for a long time, could we?

CLYDE B: No, there was weeks here we couldn't even get out of here at all. No, what was so funny about that, an old gentleman over here, it's what they call Juneau, North Carolina, over here. We got him to come and he had a little old bulldozer. Cleared our road out with that. That's the only thing we could get out with. And what happened, he pushed it out like today. Well, I went out, I had a whole bunch of chickens I was raising.

Well, I got a load of seed and got it back in here. And I'll be darned the next morning if we didn't get up and the road wasn't just exactly like it was the day before he started. I never seen anything like it. And we finally got word to him again to come back over here and he cleaned it out twice the same week.

CD: And this snow occurred--was in a couple of years after you guys moved here?

CLYDE B: Yeah.

CD: Because I remember reading about a snow in the mid thirties.

CLYDE B: Yeah. That's just about right. Just about right.

CD: You guys were married in 1932. How many years were you married before you moved in here? Did you build this house right away?

CLYDE B: No, my daddy had this house built.

Mrs. BUCKNER: We just remodeled it.

CLYDE B: He had a gentleman, a man and his wife lived here and helped him in the dairy barn around here. But we remodeled the whole thing after we got it. We lived over here at Mr. Ramsey's for a year or so, I guess, and this gentleman, he told me, he said, "You'll have to move because I have to have it". So Daddy, he was getting up and he sold his dairy out, so then he let us have this house. In other words, we bought this house with one acre of land to start with.

CD: And you have a few more acres now.

CLYDE B: I got ...[?]

CD: Uh-huh. And that's all in this area right around here?

CLYDE B: Uh-huh. Well, the trailer park's on it and all. We own that trailer park.

CD: Which one? This one right over here?

CLYDE B: Yeah. 18 places up there.

CD: Not bad. When did you do that?

CLYDE B: Oh, when I retired from Moser Plumbing Company, '62. Was it '62? Well, the trailer park is 27 years old, I think.

This friend of mine, Mr. Les Summer, the friend I was telling you all about. He lives over here next to Craggy. He was at that time the County plumbing inspector. He went around and inspected. So I retired and he retired. And he told me one day, and I told him--getting this trailer park up here started was the funniest thing. When I went to Lowe's, there was one little fellow, he was a Jew. A little Jew man. Little fellow. Ken Micalove. You might have heard of the name. You see him here in Asheville and all, he was in Beaver Lake. And he told me, he said, they always called me Buck over here, he says, "Buck, let me tell you something". He said, "I know you're saving your money to build or do something with". He said, "Let me tell you something, when you retire, what to do". Now, he says, "Don't you tell nobody but your wife". He says, "Don't tell a living soul what you're going to do but your wife". He says, "Tell her", that we're going to build a trailer park. And he says, "You go up to the County Commissioner". Used to be up here. "Get you a permit to build it".

Well, bless your heart, we went up and got the permit to built 24. We've only got 18. We've never used it up. And we hadn't no more than got started up there on that thing. Some people down below us sold the property across the road. They throwed a running fit because we were going to build a ...[?] and trailer park where we had all this ...[?]. And they signed a petition to stop me from building a trailer park, see. And see, it's the wrong way when somebody is going to do something and somebody says you say

now you can't do it. That's what they're trying to do with this zoning business. Everybody should go vote on this zoning business right now.

But even around everywhere and what was actually so funny about it, we went to my neighbor, right here, Mr. George Rice and his wife that are dead now. He went to these folks and had this paper and said, "We want you to sign this petition to where he can't build that trailer park. We don't want no trailer park over here. I want to build some houses across on the other side and sell them". He says, "We don't want it".

And George Rice, I never will forget what he said, he says, "Let me tell you something". He says, "Now that property belongs to Mr. Buckner and he can do what he pleases with it". And he says, "If you don't get off this porch," he says, "I'm going to kick you off this porch". That's the very words he told him. So that man left and we built us a trailer park.

CD: And you're here and who knows where he is right now.

CLYDE B: That's right.

CD: Well, it sounds like you maintained a relationship with Eliada over the years. When you were a young man, you went to the camp meetings.

CLYDE B: Yeah.

CD: When you came back and settled down and had your family, it sounds like you were so busy you maybe didn't get there as often as you might have wanted.

CLYDE B: That's right. That's right.

CD: But it sounds like now, as you move to retirement, you started getting more involved with Eliada.

CLYDE B: That's right.

CD: What's your involvement with Eliada right now? What do you do with them?

CLYDE B: Well, one thing with Eliada, we've always donated everything that we can, over the years. We got receipts in there to prove it. ...[?] or something or other, we have a little extra money, we give it to Eliada Orphans Home, all over the years, see. Because the thing of it is, they say when you're a kid you'll never forget what you learned. Well, I loved Eliada Orphanage, the camp meetings things, see. So we just kept on giving to them then.

So when I started raising all these tomatoes and have so many, Ingles used to buy, Ingles produce took some of them, Grace over there, and some here on Patton Avenue left, I put them in baskets and me and her took some baskets and put them in there. And one day the bigshots at Ingles told produce managers, "You can't buy nothing else. Don't buy nothing, not even ...[?]. Don't you buy nothing. You cannot buy nothing anymore".

So that was kindly pretty bad, because you think, well, we go buy our groceries from them and then they won't buy our stuff back. I used to furnish some apples and beans. So I said, "I'll just give them all to Eliada Home, everything I make now".

And the funny thing about it, we got a will of Eliada orphans frames it [?]. It's in that room.

CD: And all this over the years, all this generosity that you felt toward Eliada is as a result of your having known Reverend Compton, as a young man.

CLYDE B: That's right. And all them camp meetings we had. Never forget them. Never. Oh, we enjoyed that so much, going there. But now, I'll tell you, this gentleman that we're going to go see over there, now he

lived with them. He worked for them. Dr. Compton paid him to work and he lived in one of these little old houses that I was telling you about as the two. And they had, Reverend Compton, he developed the finest dairy cattle in the world, at one time. He had the finest heard of cattle. He had, all of them was registered Guernsey cow. Beautiful.

And Mr. Maddis, this friend, we'll tell you his name in just a minute. I can't remember it. They'd get up at 2 o'clock in the morning and go down to the dairy barn, walk down to the dairy barn. They had an old truck. And somebody else would bottle the milk. Then they'd load that truck up with milk and they'd go to Beaver Lake and go to all the houses and deliver and Biltmore Forest, Vanderbilt Estate. They delivered to all of that. And he said he never would forget what a lot of the customers would say about the milk. They'd say it was half cream. They mean the cream would be down half in the bottle. He said he never would forget that as long as he lived.

And back during the war, gas was rationed. You couldn't hardly get gas. We had the awfullest time in the world to get enough gas to work on, to do the work on. Mr. Maddis said that he told Dr. Compton one day, and I can't remember, he knows his first name. He called him by his first name.

CD: Reverend Compton?

CLYDE B: Yeah.

CD: Lucius?

CLYDE B: Lucius. That's what it was, Lucius. And he went up there one day and told him, he says, "Lucius, I'm having a hard time getting gas to drive around where I want to go about there". And he said, "Well, that ain't no problem". And he said the ration didn't affect Eliada orphans and these big places like that. They had more gas than they knew what to do with. He told him, "Just take your car around there and sit it full of gas".

And, of course, he pays for it. And he said that he had more gas than he knowed to do with when you couldn't get full gas. He told me that here awhile back [laughing].

Mrs. BUCKNER: I remember when he told that when I was a little bitty girl.

CLYDE B: See? Her daddy would have a team of mules and a wagon. That's all they had to go over there in. And he took those young'uns and go over there. Funny thing about that [?], her daddy and brother lived right next to the railroad tracks down in Alexander.

Mrs. BUCKNER: Next to the river.

CLYDE B: Next to the river. Charlie--wasn't that his name?--lived at Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. BUCKNER: Yeah.

CLYDE B: That's three brothers. And all three of the brothers had 13 young'uns each. You know what they used to tell my daddy-in-law? Every time a train would go by, he'd wake up. And at one time, Mr. Sluder lived here and his brother lived right across the hill. They could almost see one another. They'd holler and hear one of them, almost. And at one time, each one of them had 13 young'uns playing in between. It was the most amazing thing.

Mrs. BUCKNER: And the trains would go up and me and my sister would always run out there and, you know, they'd start blowing before they'd get around a curve, for us to wave at them. Every time we heard one coming, we'd run out and stand in the yard and wave at them.

CD: Well, Mr. Buckner, your voice sounds like it's starting to get a little strained. So I think this might be a good place for us to end the

interview. If it's okay with you, I'd like to come back some other time and have you talk a little bit longer.

Mrs. BUCKNER: He couldn't even talk yesterday.

[END OF INTERVIEW]